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—By—
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JUST A FAMILY ROW.

CONGRESSMAN SUTHERLAND has placed himself on record as saying that if there are any quarrels in the Republican party they will be settled in the family circle. He insists that after the settlement the party will present an unbroken front to what the Republicans are pleased to call "the foe," and that all will be well in the end for those of his faith. Mr. Sutherland somehow reminds The Herald of a story.

Once upon a time a bad boy tied the tails of a pair of cats together and then thoughtlessly flung them across a clothes line. Some minutes later a humane citizen happened along and, seeing the destruction the felines were working upon each other, disentangled them by a simple expedient. He slashed off their tails with a sharp knife, leaving the appendages dangling from the line. Then along came an Irishman. "Howly Mither," he exclaimed, "the murtherin' cats have aen wain anither up."

Unless all signs fail, that is the way the Republican rows are going to be settled "in the family circle." When every member of a family is out for every other member with a stout club and other implements of warfare, it doesn't make that family a preferred life insurance risk. Far be it from The Herald to disturb the calm serenity of Mr. Sutherland, but it would not be doing its duty if it did not call his attention to the signs in the heavens.

Some members of the peaceful Republican family circle had better get mighty busy digging cyclone cellars. Just to be on the safe side The Herald would advise all of them to locate some secure retreat to which they may retire "when the cold, cold winds blow." T. Kearns may be the one who will need the refuge most and then again G. Sutherland may need it. The Herald will shed no tear in either event.

Democrats generally will await with keen interest the settlement of the row in the family circle to which Mr. Sutherland so touchingly alludes. He says the Democratic party isn't going to gain anything by it, but most of us are willing to take chances on that.

MR. BRYAN'S DECLINATION.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN has effectively silenced all gossip which purported to place him in the list of Democratic presidential possibilities for 1904. In an interview, he declares that he is not now a candidate, and that he will not be a candidate for the nomination. Mr. Bryan declined to commit himself beyond 1904, and it would be unreasonable to expect him to say he would never be willing to accept the Democratic nomination.

The political atmosphere is cleared considerably by Mr. Bryan's statement. He cannot now be charged with acting from motives of self-interest in his further party work. Indeed, Mr. Bryan could never justly have been accused of selfishness. The man's whole life and character have been subjected to the fierce light of public opinion for more than six years and it is altogether to his credit that his bitterest enemies have never accused him of insincerity.

He has been twice honored by the highest gift the national Democracy can bestow and twice he has tied the party to defeat. On his head has unjustly fallen much of the blame for those disasters.

His retirement from politics now, in the sense of abandoning presidential aspiration, does not mean that Mr. Bryan has been shelved. He is too big a man for that; his counsels are of too great value to the Democracy to permit the stilling of his voice. His words will always command the respectful attention of his Democratic friends, even though they admit that it would be unwise to make him their standard bearer in 1904.

HOW THE WORLD WILL END.

A PARISIAN SCIENTIST, M. Louis Rabourdin, has figured out to a nicety just how the world is going to come to an end. M. Rabourdin is not rash enough or pessimistic enough to fix a date for the general exodus of humanity from this terrestrial sphere, but his conclusions are interesting. In the Cosmos, Paris, he writes:

"Let us suppose that in consequence of an extraordinary movement produced by a contraction of the central mass the bottom of the sea should cave in and thus precipitate the mass of water in the ocean on the burning matter of the interior. The water thus brought in contact with such a great heat would decompose, the hydrogen would burn, and burn all the better because of the presence of oxygen, the fire gaining step by step, electric phenomena assisting, the greater part of the terrestrial crust would be dislocated, and the earth would return to its state at the period of its formation and be nothing more than a globe of fire."

"In this case there would be presented to the worlds which gravitate in sidereal space a new star, suddenly illuminated, the brightness of which would gradually increase, but slowly disappear forever in the profound and shadowy of illimitable space. The earth's crust will not, however, be thrown into

the air, its divided parts will not be projected into space; they will be coagulated in the mass on which they lay, and the gas which is born on this burning mass, compressed under the chaos of the crust, will spread to the exterior under enormous pressure. This is what is revealed in the spectrum of all the new stars which have appeared in the past few years."

Verily this looks extremely bad. Let us all hope, however, that it won't happen for a long, long time. Not until after the Elks' convention is over, anyway.

THE ETHICS OF SWEARING.

A ST. LOUIS JUDGE has decided that when a man swears over the telephone he is guilty of disorderly conduct. In this case the defendant was fined \$5. The reports do not show which excited his wrath. Maybe central said: "They're busy now." Maybe he couldn't raise central until after he had twisted his belt crank for ten or more weary minutes; maybe he couldn't get disconnected from the last party he talked to. It is easy enough to imagine a cause for profanity.

By way of defense the defendant set up what the lawyers would call a plea in "confession and avoidance." That is, he confessed the profanity, but declared that he swore, not at the operator, but at the system. His defense was considered faulty by the court, but busy men who have tried to use a telephone will think twice before condemning him.

Judge Sidener, who tried the case, went so far as to declare that there is never any sufficient reason for profanity. Clearly, the court is wrong. If the court has ever been playfully hit in the back of the neck immediately over the spot where "fourish" a virulent boil, he would never have said that no cause for profanity can exist. If he had ever suffered the agony which seethes through the human frame when a 400-pound man or woman steps on a favorite corn, he would have found at least one reason for profanity.

The use of profane language is always to be deplored. It is a habit which quickly fastens itself on the thoughtless, and which, once acquired, is not easily shaken off. But it often happens that a large, round oath is a sort of safety valve. If it were not uttered the patient might burst with a loud noise. Few men can truthfully say they never swear. Few women can truthfully say they never wanted to swear or to have somebody else swear for them.

Judge Sidener, by the way, has established a record for odd decisions. It was Sidener who laid down the principle that a married woman has the right to search the pockets of her spouse while the spouse aforesaid is wrapped in slumber and extract therefrom such change as she may encounter. Judge Sidener, in a case where a plaintiff who had tied a tin can to a dog's tail sued the owner of the canine because the animal attacked him, decided that the dog had every right to make the attack.

Senator Hanna says there are no monopolies in this country, except such as are protected by patents. The Herald respectfully calls Senator Hanna's attention to the second verse of the twelfth chapter of Ezekiel. It runs: "Son of man, thou dwellest in the midst of a rebellious house, which have eyes to see and see not; they have ears to hear and hear not, for they are a rebellious house."

At the end of a long wrangle over the disposition of a sum of money received from the government because of the destruction of a park by United States soldiers, the Macon, Ga., city council discovered that all the cash had already been spent. Now, where's the man who says they don't hustle down south?

Corporal Richard T. O'Brien of Massachusetts, who testified before the Senate's Philippines committee relative to abuses in the Philippines, has been indicted for perjury. If he is guilty he should be punished severely. The Philippines case had been enough, without the aid of lying testimony.

Judge Theodosius Botkin has been doing the keynote act in Sanpete county. There will be some hope of a Democratic victory in Sanpete if the Judge will continue his labors down there for the Republicans.

A New York state postmaster who has been canceling stamps since 1823, has allowed his office to be robbed of a considerable sum of money. This shows how foolish it is to trust important matters to boys.

Lots of us were glad yesterday morning that we weren't the Prince of Wales, when we read how his doting father kissed him. There are some drawbacks, even in the purple.

Prince Chen told the newspaper men that the Chinese empress requested him to say that every American is her friend. She must be a mind reader.

Amusements.
"Corianton," the Aztec romance, by O. U. Bean, will have its first hearing on any stage tonight at the Salt Lake theatre. The advance sale has been heavy. The attraction runs throughout the week.

At the Grand tonight "The Prince and the Peasant," the light opera by Orlof and Matse, will be presented. The opera will be on all week.

The testimonial concert to H. S. Goddard takes place at the tabernacle tonight, beginning at 8:30. The programme is thoroughly excellent and should attract a large number of visitors as well as Mr. Goddard's hosts of local friends.

Sherlock Holmes.
(Life).
"Certainly, Mr. Holmes, I hear the men in the tavern, but how do you know they're singing 'The Old Oaken Bucket'?"

Nearly Perfect.
(Puck).
Dolly—Have you learned to manage your "auto" yet?
Daisy—Very nearly. I can do everything but stop it and steer it!

PRINTERS' INK AS SALESMAN.

Liberal Use of Advertising Space the Way to Reach General Public.

BY JOSEPH R. KATHRENS.

THE question was once asked me, "Who is the greatest traveling salesman?" and I had no hesitancy in making reply: "Printers' ink." A business represented by printers' ink is one that lasts. Printers' ink works while you work and while you sleep. It is a salesman who never tires and never quits; one of whom your competitor cannot rob you; printers' ink is the one great artery of commerce, the one great medium through which the world knows what you know and profess about your individual business. It is even possible, by the aid of printers' ink to force the sale of every article without money, but such prosperity necessarily is short lived.

There are two kinds of advertising, the kind that pays and that which does not. Still, there are many businesses which survive in spite of the latter, which tends to make the subject of advertising such a complex problem. No great national or commercial success, however, has been achieved without printers' ink. A prerequisite of good advertising is absolute honesty in every statement made. It is not to shoot over the heads of your readers is money and space wasted. To tell you you know in a single announcement is like firing at a grizzly bear with a scattering charge of bird-shot, while the same lead in one bullet, properly aimed, will bring down the bear. By this means that one cannot advertise effectively, over and over again, but in instance, in the same breath. The argument will be no stronger than its weak point, no matter how much time or thought may have been bestowed upon its production.

The professional "Ad" Men.
The proper person to build a house is the architect, the proper person to make a pair of shoes is the shoemaker, and the proper person to make clothes is the tailor. When it comes to advertising, however, almost anyone about the place is considered capable of attending to the job. Sometimes it is the bookkeeper or a clerk; more frequently it is the "boss" or the owner, who is overburdened with detail work; or it may be the dress parade member of the firm, who may devote a couple of hours a week to the subject. Advertising is becoming more and more a science, and in order to compete successfully in the great marts of trade, the bookkeeper, the clerk, the "boss" or the dress parade member must give place to some quiet individual who has time to think, untrammelled by the care of accounts and other duties foreign to the advertising business.

Advertising is simply telling the story in the most convincing manner. Sometimes an illustration helps, and again, by the same token, it detracts from the force of the "ad." The advertiser must know the proper time and place for the proper thing at the proper time and before the proper audience, is the fundamental principle of all good successful advertising. The advertiser must know the proper manner in which to tell the story, and must have a knowledge of mediums, but must not be too trusting in every element and detail of the business he proposes to tell others about. He must also have a knowledge of human nature, that he may know the proper time and place to tell his prospective clients the goods he desires to sell.

Time Table Conservatism.
There are, to my mind, many fields of advertising yet untouched. The most prominent, I think, is the railroad, although few leading lines are beginning to show some promise of a better day. If the dry goods store advertises to create trade, why not the railroad? Is the conventional railroad advertisement likely to cause a man to rush down to the ticket office to secure accommodations? If you go to the carnival city of the south it is because of the railroad. The clatter of wheels during a certain season of the year, or the festivities offered in the Mardi Gras, not because, but in spite of, advertising which has emanated from the railroads. They had it in their power to make the Buffalo exhibition a success, but they relied on the falls and their time-table folders, and trusted to luck. As a consequence, a really clever exposition closed a financial failure. A little publicity on the part of the railroads, and the business of hauling the crowds in box cars, so great would have been the desire to see the wonderfully advertised show. I was at Madison Square Garden in New York April 2, where Sells-Foran was exhibiting, and although I arrived an hour before opening time, the capacity of the great building had to be sold at the box office closed. It was advertising that made it possible for the treasurer to deposit three bushels of silver in the bank the next day. There will always be a certain amount of travel, but how many more people would visit the Grand canyon of the Colorado if they were told about it in the first place? He had gone to the heart and was taking from the embers an earthen saucer, or shallow bowl, in which some faint broth simmered and steamed.

"A man who has slept as long as you have, my son, usually has a somewhat delicate appetite. Now here is a soup, not especially satisfying to the taste, but like yourself, but possessing the soothing quality that is good for one just aroused from an unusual nap. I offer it, my son, propitiously, to your stomach, and I trust it will soothe your stomach, and thine often infirmities. This soup will go to the right spot."

When speaking brought the hot bowl to Farnsworth and set it on the bedcover before him, then fetched a big horn spoon.

The fragrance of pungent roots and herbs, blent with a savory waft of buffalo meat, greeted the captain's sense, and the anticipation itself cheered his aching throat. It made him feel greedy and in a hurry. The first spoonful, a trifle bitter, was not so pleasant at the beginning, but a moment after it seemed to dart through him from extremity to extremity.

Slowly, as he ate, the taste grew more agreeable, and as the effects of his debauch disappeared, it was like magic; his blood warmed and glowed, and as if touched with mysterious fire.

"What is this in this soup, Father Beret?" he asked, his searching and refreshing" he demanded, when the bowl was empty.

Father Beret shook his head and smiled dryly.

"That I cannot divulge, my son, owing to a promise I had to make to the aged Indian who gave me the secret. It is the closely guarded secret of their consecrated medicine men hold the recipe. The stimulation is so temporary."

Just then someone knocked on the door. Father Beret opened it to one of Hamilton's aides.

"Your pardon, father, but hearing Captain Farnsworth's voice I made bold to knock."

"What is it, Bobby?" Farnsworth called out.

"Nothing, only the governor has been having you looked for in every nook and corner of the fort and town. You'd better report at once, or he'll be having us drag the river for your bones."

"All right, Lieutenant, go back and

ALICE OF OLD PETERSBURG

BY MAURICE THOMPSON

"My people have borne much," he said, "and the killing of that poor child there will be awfully revenged. If I but say the word, besides, I can turn every Indian in this wilderness against you in a single day. You are indeed at my mercy, and I will be merciful if you will satisfy my demand."

He was trembling with emotion while he spoke, and the desire to kill the man before him was making a frightful struggle with his priestly conscience; he wanted to have the upper hand. Hamilton stood gazing fixedly, pale as a ghost, his thoughts becoming more and more clear and logical. He was in a bad situation. Every word that Father Beret had spoken was true, and went home with force. There was no time for parley or subterfuge; the sword looked as if eager to find his heart, it could not be exhausted another moment. But the wan, cold face of the girl had more power than the rapier's hungry point. It made an abject coward of him.

"I am willing to give you my word," he presently said. "And let me tell you, he went on more rapidly, 'I did not shoot at her. She was behind you.'"

"Your word as a British officer?" Hamilton again stiffened and hesitated, but only for the briefest space, then said:

"Yes, my word as a British officer." Father Beret waved his hand with impatience.

"Go," he said, back to your place in the fort and disturb my people no more. The soul of this poor little girl will haunt you forever. Go!"

Hamilton stood a little while gazing at the face of the girl, the terrible wastfulness of remorse. What would he not have given to rub his eyes and find it all a dream?

"I am," he said, a cloud scudded across the moon, here and yonder in the dim town cocks crowed with a lone, desultory effect.

Father Beret plucked up the rapier that he had wrested from Hamilton's hand. It suggested something.

"Hold!" he called out, "give me the scabbard of this sword."

Hamilton, who was striding vigorously in the direction of the fort, turned in the priest hastened to him.

"Give me the scabbard of this rapier; I want it. Take it off."

The command was not gently voiced. A hoarse, half-whispering every word with an imperious thrust.

Hamilton obeyed. His hands were not firm, his fingers trembled nervously; but he hurried, and Father Beret soon had the rapier sheathed and secured at his belt beside his mate.

A good and true priest is a burden-bearing. His motto is: After aliterus onera portat; bear ye one another's burdens. His soul is enriched with the cast-off sorrows of those whom he releases, and he carries them as a weight of Alice's body when he lifted it from the ground, so heavy was the pressure of his grief. All that her death meant, not only to him, but to every person who knew her, came into his heart as the place of refuge consecrated for the indulgence of pain. He lifted her and bore her as far toward Roushington as he could, but then his strength left short just in front of the little Bourcier cottage, and half dead he staggered across the veranda to the door, where he knelt and prayed.

After a breathing spell he knocked. The household, fast asleep, did not hear; but he persisted until the door was opened to him and his burden. He entered the house, and his bloodshot eyes at about 8 o'clock in the morning, quite confused as to his place and surroundings. He looked about him with a dazed, half-drunken edge of having been very drunk. A purring in his head and a dull ache reminded him of an abused stomach. He yawned, and then he remembered that he was running a hand through his tousled hair. Father Beret was on his knees before the cross, still as a statue, his clasped hands extended upward.

Farnsworth's face lighted with recognition, and he smiled rather bitterly. He recalled everything and felt ashamed of his self-doubt. Ever since he had outraged even a priest's hospitality with his brutish appetite, and he hated himself for it. Disgust nauseated his soul as he remembered the physical sinking and quivering that greiv upon him.

"I'm a shabby, worthless dog," he muttered, with petulant accent; "why don't you kick me out, father?"

The priest, who had been looking at him in a tired, perfunctory way, crossed himself absently and said:

"You have rested well, my son. Hard as the bed is, you have done it a compliment in the way of sleeping. You young soldiers understand how to get the most out of things."

"You are too generous, father, and I can't appreciate it. I know what I deserve, and you know it, too. Tell me what a brute and fool I am; it will do me good. Punch me a solid jolt in the ribs like the one you gave me not long ago."

"Qui sine peccato est, primus lapidem mittat," said the priest. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone. He had gone to the heart and was taking from the embers an earthen saucer, or shallow bowl, in which some faint broth simmered and steamed.

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THE GRAND THEATRE

JONES & HAMMER, Managers.

ELKS' WEEK

Commencing Monday Aug. 11

The Prince

—AND—

The Peasant

A Comic Opera in 3 Acts.

Words by FRANK M. LUTHER, Music by HAROLD ORLOF.